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A

Modern Account

OF

SCOTLAND;

Being an exact Deſcription of the Country, and a True Character of the People and their Manners.

Written from thence by an *Engliſh* Gentleman.

To which is Added, A

POEM

On the ſame Subject;

Very proper to be Bound up with the

New Memoirs of SCOTLAND.

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A Modern Account OF *SCOTLAND.*

IF all our *European* Travellers direct their Course to *Italy*, upon the account of its Antiquity, why should *Scotland* be neglected, whose wringled Surface derives it Original from the Chaos? The first Inhabitants were some Straglers of the fallen Angels, who rested themselves in the Confines, till their Captain *Lucifer* provided Places for them in his own Country. This is the Conjecture of Learned Criticks, who trace things to their Originals;

and this Opinion was grounded on the *Devils Brats* yet Reſident amongſt them, (whoſe fore-ſight in the Events of Good and Evil, exceeds the Oracles at *Delphos*) the ſuppoſed Iſſue of thoſe Priſtine Inhabitants.

NAMES of Countries were not then in Faſhion, thoſe came not in till *Adam*'s days, and Hiſtory (being then but in her Infancy) makes no mention of the Changes of that renown'd Countrey, in that Interval betwixt him and *Moſes*, when their Chronicle commences; ſhe was then Baptized (and moſt think with the Sign of the Croſs) by the Venerable Name of *Scotland*, from *Scota*, the Daughter of *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*. Hence came the Riſe and Name of theſe preſent Inhabitants, as their Chronicle informs us; and it is not to be doubted of, from divers conſiderable Circumſtances; the Plagues of *Egypt* being entailed upon them, that of *Lice* (being a Judgment unrepealed) is an ample Teſtimony, thoſe loving *Animals* accompanied them from *Egypt*, and remains with them to this Day, never forſaking them (but as *Rats* leave a Houſe) till they tumble into their Graves. The Plague of *Biles* and *Blains* is hereditary to them, as a diſtinguiſhing Mark from the reſt of the World,

World, which (like the *Devil's cloven Hoof*) warns all Men to beware of them. The Judgment of *Hail* and *Snow* is Naturalized and made free *Denison* here, and continues with them from the Sun's first Ingress into *Aries*, till he has passed the 30*th*. Degree of *Aquary*.

THE Plague of *Darkness* was said to be so Thick Darkness, as to be felt, which most undoubtedly these People have a Share in, as the Word σκοτία (*Darkness*) implies; the Darkness being applicable to their gross and blockish Understandings (as I had it from a Scholar of their own Nation.) Upon these Grounds this Original is undeniably allowed them, and that the Country it self (in *Pyramid's*) resembles *Egypt*, but far exceeds them both in Bulk and Number; theirs are but the Products of Mens Labours, but these are Nature's own Handy-work; and if *Atlas* wou'd ease a Shoulder, here he may be fitted with a Supporter.

ITALY is compared to a *Leg*, *Scotland* to a *Louse*, whose Legs, and engrailed Edges represent the *Promontories*, and Buttings out into the Sea, with more Nooks and Angles than the most conceited of my *Lord Mayors* Custards; nor does the Comparison determine here: A *Louse* preys upon its own Fosterer and

Preſerver, and is productive of thoſe Minute-Animals called *Nitts*; ſo *Scotland*, whoſe *Proboſcis* joyns too cloſe to *England*, has ſuckt away the Nutriment from *Northumberland*, as the Country it ſelf is a true Teſtimony, and from its oppoſite A—, has Calved thoſe *Nitty Iſlands*, called the *Orcades* and the *Shetland* (*quaſi Shite-land*) Iſlands.

THE *Arms* of the Kingdom was anciently a *Red Lyon Rampant* in a *Field of Gold*, but *Anno Dom.* 787. they had the *Augmentation* of the *Double Treſſure*, for aſſiſting the *French* King; but his Majeſties *Arms* in *Scotland* is a mere *Hyſteron Proteron*, the Pride of the People being ſuch, as to place the *Scots Arms* in the dexter Quarter of the *Eſcutcheon*, and make a *Unicorn* the dexter Supporter, with the *Thiſtle* at his heels, and a ſuitable Motto, *Nemo me impune laceſſit*, true enough; whoſoever Deals with them ſhall be ſure to Smart for't: The *Thiſtle* was Wiſely plac'd there, partly to ſhew the Fertility of the Country; Nature alone producing plenty of theſe Gay Flowers, and partly as an Emblem of the People, the Top thereof having ſome colour of a Flower, but the Bulk and Subſtance of it, is only ſharp and poyſonous Pricks.

Woods they have none, that ſuits not with the Frugality of the People, who are ſo far from propagating any, that they deſtroy thoſe they had, upon this Politick State Maxim, That *Corn* will not grow in the Land peſtered with its *Roots*, and their Branches harbour *Birds*, Animals above their humble Converſation, that exceeds not that of Hornleſs *Quadrupedes*; marry, perhaps ſome of their Houſes lurk under the ſhelter of a Plump of Trees (the Birds not daring ſo high a Preſumption) like *Hugh Peters*'s Puſs in her Majeſty, or an *Owl* in an *Ivy-buſh*. Some *Firr-Woods* there are in the Highlands, but ſo inacceſſible, that they ſerve for no other uſe than Dens for thoſe ravenous *Wolves* with two Legs, and they prey upon their Neighbourhood, and ſhelter themſelves under this Covert; to whom the ſight of a Stranger is as ſurpriſing as that of a *Cockatrice*. The *Vallies* for the moſt part are covered with *Beer* or *Bigg*, and the *Hill* with *Snow*; and as in the *Northern Countries* the *Bears* and *Foxes* change their Coats into the Livery of the Soyl; ſo here the *Moor-Fowl* (called *Termagants*) turn White, to ſute the ſample, though the Inhabitants ſtill ſtand to their *Ægyptian Hue*.

THEIR

THEY are freed from the Charge and and Incumbrance of *Incloſures*, the whole being but one large *Waſte*, ſurrounded with the Sea: Indeed in many places you may ſee half a Rood of Land divided with an *Earthen Bank*, into many different Apartments, according to the Quality of the *Beaſts* that are to poſſeſs them.

THE whole Country will make a *Park*, *Foreſt* or *Chaſe*, as you'll pleaſe to call it; but if you deſire an account of particular *Parks*, they are innumerable, every ſmall Houſe having a few *Sodds* thrown into a little *Bank* about it, and this for the ſtate of the Buſineſs (forſooth) muſt be called a *Park*, though not a Pole of Land in't.

IF the *Air* was not pure and well refined by its agitation, it would be ſo Infected with the Stinks of their Towns, and the Steams of the Naſty Inhabitants, that it would be Peſtilential and Deſtructive; indeed it is too thin for their groſs Senſes, that muſt be fed with ſuitable Viands, their Meat not affecting their Diſtempered Palates, without it have a Damnable *Hogoe*, or Muſick their Ears, without loud and harſh Diſcord, and their Noſtrils (like a Jew's) chiefly delight in the perceptible Effluviums of an old Sir R——

FOWL

Fowl are as ſcarce here as *Birds* of *Paradiſe*, the Charity of the Inhabitants denying harbour to ſuch Celeſtial Animals, though *Gulls* and *Cormorants* abound, there being a great ſympathy betwixt them. There is one ſort of Ravenous *Fowl* amongſt them that has one web-foot, one foot ſuited for Land, and another for Water; but whether or no this *Fowl* (being particular to this Country) be not the Lively Picture of the Inhabitants, I ſhall ſerve to wiſer Conjectures.

Their *Rivers*, or rather Arms of the Sea, are ſhort, few places in *Scotland* being above a Days Journey from the Sea; but they are broad, deep and dangerous, Peſtered with multitudes of *Porpuſes* and *Sharks* (ſome of them perhaps amphibious too, that live more on Land than Water) which deſtroys their *Salmon*, the great Commodity of this Country; which being too good for the Inhabitants, are Barrel'd up and converted into Merchandiſe, *&c.* Their Banks and Borders of theſe Rivers (eſpecially near their Towns) are adorn'd with hardy Amazons, though inverted, their Valour being (chiefly) from the Waſte downwards, which Parts they readily expoſe to all the Dangers of a Naked Rencounter.

The Exercise of their Arms, I shou'd say Feet, is much about Linen; Sheets are Sufferers, a fit Receiver is provided (not unlike a shallow Pulpit to mind them of their Idol Sermons) wherein foul Linen is laid to suffer Persecution, so they turn up all, and tuck them about their Wastes, and bounce into a *Buck-Tub*, then go their Stock, and belabour poor Lint till there be not a dry Thread on't. Hence came the Invention of *Fulling-Mills*, the Women taught the Men, and they put in Practice.

The *Country* is full of *Lakes* and *Loughs*, and they well stockt with *Islands*, so that a Map thereof, looks like a Pillory Coat bespattered all over with Dirt and rotten Eggs, some Pieces of the Shells floating here and there, representing the *Islands*.

Their *Cattle* are only Representatives of what are in other Countreys, these being so Epitomized, that it is hard to know what *Class* they relate to. Their *Horses* are hardy, and not without *Gall* (as some say other *Horses* are) using both Tooth and Nail to mischief you; that they may not use more State than their Masters, they go Bare-foot, which preserves them from the *Gout*; and if *Hudibras's Horse* had been of this Race, he had not needed a *Corn-cutter*: Their *Furniture*

niture or *Harneſs* is all of the ſame Matter, all *Wood* from Head to Tail, Bridle, Saddle, Girths, Stirrups, and Crupper, all *Wood*; nothing but a Withy will bind a Witch, and if theſe be called Witches, I ſhall not oppoſe it, ſince by their untoward Tricks one wou'd gueſs the Devil to be in them; their *Bridles* have no Bitts, but a kind of Muſroll of two pieces of Wood; their *Crupper* is a Stick of a yards length, put croſs their Docks, both Ends thereof being tyed with woven Wood to the Saddle. Their *Bed* and *Board* too is all of the ſame dry Straw, and when they heave it up, whip on Harneſs and away. Their *Neat* are Hornleſs, the *Owners* claiming the ſole Propriety in thoſe *Ornaments*, nor ſhould I deny them their Necklace too, for methinks that hoiſted Wood wou'd mightily become them. Their *Sheep* too have the ſame Preferment, they are coupled together near their Maſters Palace. Some *Animals* they have by the Name of *Hogs*, but more like *Porcupines*, briſtled all over, and theſe are likewiſe faſtned to the Free-hold by the former Artifice; all their *Quadrupedes* (*Dogs* only excepted, in which Sort they much abound) are honoured with Wooden Bracelets about their Necks, Legs, or Arms, *&c.*

THEIR *Cities* are poor and populous, especially *Edenborough*, their *Metropolis*, which so well suits with the *Inhabitants*, that one Character will serve them both, *viz.* High and Dirty. The *Houses* mount seven or eight Stories high, with many Families on one Floor, one Room being sufficient for all Occasions, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, and Shit— The most mannerly step but to the Door, and nest upon the Stairs. I have been in an *Island* where it was difficult to tread without breaking an Egg; but to move here, and not to murder a T—— is next to an Impossibilty; the whole Pavement is Pilgrim-salve, most excellent to liquor Shoes withal, and soft and easie for the bare-foot Perambulators. The *Town* is like a double Comb (an Engine not commonly known amongst them) one great Street, and each Side stockt with narrow Allies, which I mistook for Common-Shores; but the more one stirs in a T— the more it will stink. The other *Cities* and *Towns* are Copies from this Original, and therefore need no *Commentators* to explain them; the have seven *Colleges*, or rather *Schools*, in four *Universities*; the *Regents* wear what colour'd Cloaths or Gowns they please, and commonly no Gowns at all, so that it is hard to distin-

guish

guiſh a Scholar from an ordinary Man, ſince their Learning ſhines not out of their Noſes; the younger *Students* wear Scarlet Gowns only in Term time; their Reſidence is commonly in the Town, only at School-hours they convene in the *College* to conſult their Oracle *Buchanan*; their chief Studies are for Pulpit Preferment, to prate out four or five Glaſſes with as much Eaſe as drink them; and this they attain to in their ſtripling Years, commencing Mr. of Arts (that is meant onely Mr. of this Art) before one wou'd judge them fit for the College; for as ſoon as they can walk as far as the School (which they will do very young, for like Lapwings they run with Shells on their Heads) they are ſent thither, where they find no Benches to ſit on (only one for the Mr.) but have a little Heath and Fadder ſtrewed for them to lye upon, where they litter together, and chew the Cud on their Fathers *Horn-books*, and in good time are preferred to the *Bible*; from this petty School away with them to the Grammar School, *viz.* the College, where in three or four Years time they attain to (their *ne plus ultra*) the Degree of A. Mag. that is, they can *extempore* coin Graces and Prayers for all Occaſions;

if you crack a Nut, there is a Grace for that, drink a Diſh of Coffee, Ale or Wine, or what elſe, he preſently furniſhes you with a Grace for the nonce; if you pare your Nails, go to Stool, or any other action of like importance, he can as eaſily ſuit you with a Prayer as draw on a Glove; and the wonder of all is, that this Prayer ſhall be ſo admirably framed, that it may indifferently quadrate with any occaſion, an Excellency no where ſo common as in this Country. Thus you ſee the Young Man has commenced and got ſtrength to walk to the Kirk and enter the Chair, where we find him anon, after we have viewed the out-ſides of their Kirks, ſome of which have been of Antient Foundations, and well and regularly Built, but Order and Uniformity is in perfect Antipathy to the humour of this Nation, theſe goodly *Structures* being either wholly Deſtroyed (as at St. *Andrews* and *Elgin*, where by the remaining Ruines you may ſee what it was in Perfection) or very much Defaced; they make uſe of no other Quires, thoſe are either quite pulled down, or Converted into another Kirk, for it is common here to have three, four or five Kirks under one Roof, which being preſerved entire, would have made one

good

good Church, but they cou'd not then have had Preaching enough in it; out of one Pulpit now they have thirty Sermons *per* Week, all under one Roof, plenty of Spiritual Proviſion, which guſts much better with a mixture of the Fleſh; as you may gueſs by their *Stools of Repentante* in every Kirk, well furniſhed with Whore-mongers and Adulterers of both Sexes. In *Venice* the ſhadows only of *Curtezans* are expoſed to publick view only in the *Effigie*, but here the *Whore* in *Perſon*, has a high place provided her in the view of the whole Congregation, for the benefit of Strangers, who (ſome think) need not this direction, but may Truck for all Commodities with the firſt they meet with. They uſe no *Service-Book*, nor *Whore of* Babylon's *Smock* (as they term a *Surplice*) nor Decency, nor Order in their Divine or rather Contumelious Service. Wou'd a King think himſelf honoured by Subjects, that Petitioned him without *Bonet Vailed*, but *Cockt* his *Cap* the while his Requeſt was granting; while Precious Mr. *Presbyter*, *Grimaces*, *Prays* or *Houls*, the *Monſter-Rabble* vails; but as ſoon as the *Text* is taken, *Blew-bonnet* takes place again, and this *Pulpit-prater* is eſteemed more than *God's Ambaſſadour*, having the *Holy Spirit*

at his Beck, to Prompt him every Word he ſpeaks, yet not three Sentences of Senſe together, ſuch *Blaſphemy* as I bluſh to mention.

THEIR *Chriſtnings* (as all other things) are without Form, only Water is poured on the Infant, and ſuch Words uſed as Sir *John's Mephiſtophilus* ſupplies him with, and ſo the Child commences *Chriſtian*, as good (or better) than the beſt of them. Some think *Marriage* an unneceſſary thing amongſt them, it being more Generous and uſual amongſt them to take one anothers Words; however 'tis thus performed, the Young Couple, being attended with *Tagrag* and *Bobtail*, gang to Kirk, where Mr. *Scruple* (like a good *Caſuiſt*) controverts the point in hand to them, and Schools Mr. *Bridegroom* in his Leſſon, then directs his Diſcourſe to Mrs *Bride*, who being the weaker Veſſel, ought to have the more pains taken with her; he Chalks out the way ſhe is to walk in, in all its particulars, and joyns their Hands, and then let them fall to on Gods Name. Home they go with loud Raviſhing *Bagpipes*, and Dance about the Green, till they part by Couples to Repetition, and ſo put the Rules in Practice, and perhaps Sir *Roger* follows Mrs. Bride to her

Apart-

Apartment, to satisfie her Doubts, where he uses such pungent and pressing Arguments, as she never forgets as long as she Lives.

When any one Dies, the *Bell-Man* goes about Ringing their *Passing-bell*, and acquaints the People therewith, in Form following, *Beloved Brouthrin and Susters, I let yau to wot that thir is an fauthful Broothir lawtli departed awt of this prisant Varld, aut thi plesuir of Aulmoughti Good* (and then he Vails his *Bonnet*) *his Naam is* Volli Voodcok, *thrid Son to* Jimoy Voodcok *a Cordinger; he ligs aut thi sext door vethin thi Nord Gawt, close on thi Nawthwr Rawnd, and I wod yaw gang to hus Burying on* Thrusdau *before twa a clouk*, &c. The time appointed for his Burying being come, the *Bell-Man* calls the Company together, and he is carried to the Burying-place, and thrown into the Grave (as Dog *Lyon* was) and there's an end of *Volli*. Few People are here Buried in their *Kirks* (except of their Nobility) but in the *Kirk Garths*, or in a Burying-place on purpose, called the *Hoof*, at the further end of the Town (like our Quakers) enclosed with a Wall, so that it serves not only as a Burying-place, but an Exchange to meet in; perhaps in one part of it the Courts of *Ju-*

dicate are kept; in another are *Butts* to to Shoot at for Recreation. All agree that a Womans Tongue is the laſt Member ſhe moves, but the *Latin* Proverb, *mulieri ne credas*, &c. ſeems to prove it after Death; I am ſure the Pride of this People never leaves them, but follows them to their long Homes (I was about to have ſaid, to the Devil) for the meaneſt Man muſt have a Grave-ſtone full fraught with his own Praiſes (though he was the vileſt Miſcreant on Earth) and Miſerable *Memento Mori*'s, both in *Engliſh* and *Latin*, nay *Greek* too, if they can find a *Greek* word for *Cordinger*, the Calling he was of, and all this in ſuch miſerable *Scotch Orthography*, that 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh one Language from another.

THE *Caſtles* of Defence in this Country are almoſt Impregnable, only to be taken by Treachery or long Seige, their *Water* failing them ſooneſt; they are Built upon high and almoſt inacceſſible *Rocks*, only one forc'd Paſſage up to them, ſo that few Men may eaſily defend them. Indeed all the Gentlemens Houſes are ſtrong Caſtles, they being ſo Treacherous one to another, that they are forc'd to Defend themſelves in ſtrong Holds; they are commonly built upon

ſome

ſome ſingle Rock in the Sea, or ſome high Precipice near the *Mid-land*, with many Towers and ſtrong Iron Grates before their Windows (the lower Part whereof, is only a Wooden Shutter, and upper Part Glaſs) ſo that they look more like Priſons than Houſes of Reception; ſome few Houſes there are of late Erection, that are built in a better Form, with good Walks and Gardens about them, but their Fruit rarely comes to any Perfection. The Houſes of the Commonalty are very Mean, *Mud-wall* and *Thatch* the beſt; but the Poorer ſort live in ſuch miſerable Hutts as never Eye beheld, it is no difficulty to Piſs over them; Men, Women, and Children pig altogether in a poor Mouſe-hole of *Mud*, *Heath*, and ſome ſuch like Matter; in ſome Parts, where *Turf* is Plentiful, they build up little Cabbins thereof, with *Arched Roofs* of *Turf*, without a ſtick of Timber in it; when their Houſes are dry enough to Burn, it ſerves them for Fuel, and they remove to another. The Habit of the People is very different, according to the Qualities and Places they live in, as *Low-land* or *High land Men*. The Low-land Gentry go well enough Habited, but the Poorer ſort go (almoſt) Naked, only an old Cloak, or a part of

their Bed-cloaths thrown over them. The *Highlanders* wear ſlaſhed Doublets, commonly without Breeches, only a Plad tyed about their Waſtes, *&c.* thrown over own Shoulder, with ſhort Stockings to the Gartering place, their Knees and part of their Thighs being naked; others have Breeches and Stockings all of a piece of Plad ware, cloſe to their Thighs; in one ſide of their Girdle ſticks a *Durk* or *Skean*, of about a Foot and half a Yard long, very Sharp, and the back of it filed into divers Notches, wherein they put Poyſon; on the other ſide a Brace (at leaſt) of Braſs Piſtols; nor is this Honour ſufficient, if they can purchaſe more, they muſt have a long ſwinging Sword.

The *Women* are commonly two-handed Tools, ſtrong-poſted Timber, they diſlike *Engliſh* Men becauſe they have no Legs, or (like themſelves) Poſts to walk on; the meaner go Bare-foot and and Bare-head, with two black *Elflocks* on either ſide their Faces; ſome of them have ſcarce any Cloaths at all, ſave part of their Bed-cloaths pinn'd about their Shoulders, and their Children have nothing elſe on them but a little Blanket; thoſe Women that can purchaſe Plads, need not beſtow much upon other

Cloaths,

Cloaths, theſe Cover-ſluts being ſufficient. Thoſe of the beſt Sort that are very well Habited in their modiſh Silks, yet muſt wear a Plad over all, for the Credit of their Country.

THE People are *Proud*, *Arrogant*, *Vainglorious Boaſters*, *Bloody*, *Barbarous*, and *Inhuman Butchers*. Couzenage and Theft is in Perfection among them, and they are perfect *Engliſh-Haters*, they ſhew their Pride in exalting themſelves, and depreſſing their Neighbours.

THE *Nobility* and *Gentry* Lord it over their poor *Tenants*, and uſe them worſe than *Gally-Slaves*; they are all bound to ſerve them, Men, Women, and Children; the firſt Fruits is always the Landlord's due, he is the Man that muſt firſt board all the young Married Women within his Lairdſhip, and their Sons are all his Slaves, ſo that any mean Laird will have Six or Ten, or more Followers; beſides thoſe of his own Name, that are Inferior to him, muſt all Attend him (as he himſelf muſt do his Superior, of the ſame Name, and all of them attend the Chief) if he receives a Stranger, all this Train muſt be at his Beck Armed as aforeſaid; if you Drink with them in a Tavern, you muſt have all this Rubbiſh with you; and if you

Offend

Offend the Laird, his *Durk* ſhall be ſoon ſheathed in your Belly, and, after his, every one of his Followers, or they ſhall ſuffer themſelves that refuſe it, that ſo they may be all alike guilty of the Murder: Every Laird (of note) hath a *Gibet* near his Houſe, and has Power to Condemn and Hang any of his *Vaſſals*; ſo they dare not Oppoſe him in any thing, but muſt Submit to his Commands, let them be never ſo Unjuſt and Tyrannical. There are too many Teſtimonies of their Cruelty amongſt themſelves in their own Chronicles, Forty of their Kings have been Barbarouſly Murthered by them, and half as many more have either made away themſelves for fear of their Tourturing of them, or have died miſerably in ſtrait Impriſonment. What ſtrange Butcheries have been committed in their Feuds, ſome of which are in Agitation at this Day, *viz.* *Argile* with the *Macclenes*, and *Mac Donnels* about *Mula Iſland*, which has coſt already much Blood, and is likely will coſt much more before it will be decided; their Spirits are ſo mean, that they rarely Rob, but take away Life firſt, lying in Ambuſcade, they ſend a brace of Bullets on Embaſſy through the Travellers Body; and to make ſure Work, they ſheath their

Durks

Durks in his liveleſs Trunk, perhaps to take off their fire edges, as new *Knives* are ſtuck in a *Bag-pudding*. If an *Highlander* be injured, thoſe of his own Name muſt defend him, and will certainly have Satisfaction from the Offenders; A late inſtance whereof was at *Inverneſs*, (a conſiderable Town) where one of the *Macdonnels* was Slain, but ſhortly the chief of his Name came down againſt the Town with 1500 Men of his own Name, and threatned to Fire the Town, but the Inhabitants compounded with them for 2000 *l.*

THEIR Cruelty deſcends to their *Beaſts*, it being a Cuſtom in ſome places to Feaſt upon a Living *Cow* they tye in the middle of them, near a great Fire, and then cut Collops of this poor living Beaſt, and Broil them on the Fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, ſometimes they will only cut off as much as will ſatisfie their preſent Appetites, and let her go till their greedy Stomachs call for a new Supply; ſuch Horrible Cruelty as can ſcarce be Parrallel'd in the whole World! Their *Theft* is ſo well known, that it needs no proving, they are forced to keep Watch over all they have, to ſecure it; their Cattle are Watch'd Day and Night, or

other-

wiſe they wou'd be over-grown by Morning. In the *High-lands* they do it publickly before the face of the Sun. If one Man has two *Cows*, and another wants, he ſhall ſoon ſupply himſelf from his Neighbour, who can find no Remedy for it. The Gentry keep an *Armory* in their own Houſes, Furniſh'd with ſeveral ſorts of *Fire-Arms*, *Pikes* and *Halberts*, with which they Arm their *Followers*, to ſecure themſelves from the Rapine of their Neighbourhood. The *Lowland* Language may be well enough underſtood by an *Engliſh* Man, but the *Highlanders* have a peculiar Lingua to themſelves, which they call *Erſt*, unknown to moſt of the *Lowland* Men, except only in thoſe places that border on them, where they can ſpeak both: Yet theſe People are ſo Curriſh, that if a Stranger enquire the way in *Engliſh*, they will certainly anſwer in *Erſt*, and find no other Language than what is inforc'd from them with a Cudgel. If *Cornelius Agrippa* had travelled *Scotland*, ſure *Cookery* had been found in his Vanity of Sciences, ſuch is their ſingular Skill in this Art, that they my defie the World to rival them; King *James*'s Treat for the Devil, that is a *Poll* of *Ling*, a *Jell* of *Sturgeon*, and a *Pigg*, with a *Pipe* of *Tobacco* for Digeſti-

on,

on, had been very compleat, if the Ordering thereof had been aſſigned to a Cuke of this Countrey, who can ſute every Diſh with its proper Hogoe, and bring Corruption to your Table, only to mind Men of Mortality: Their Meat is Carrion when 'tis kil'd, but after it has been a Fortnight a perfuming with the Aromatick Air, ſtrained thro' the clammy Trunks of Fleſh Flies, then it paſſes the tryal of Fire under the Care of one of thoſe exquiſite Artiſts, and is diſh'd up in a Sea of ſweet *Scotch* Butter, and ſo cover'd and ſerved hot up to the Table: O how happy is he that is placed next to it, with a Privilege to uncover it, and receive the hot Steams of this dainty diſh, almoſt ſufficient to cure all Diſtempers. It will be needleſs to inſtance in particulars ſo plain and evident to all that have travell'd through the Countrey, that they may certainly bear away the Bell from all their Neighbouring Nations, or indeed from the whole World. Their *Nobility* and *Gentry* have Tables plentifully enough furniſh'd, but few or none of them have their Meat better order'd; To put ones Head into their Kitchen-doors, is little leſs than deſtructive; you enter Hell alive, where the black Furies are buſied in mangling dead Carcaſes,

and the Fire and Brimſtone, or rather ſtew and ſtink, is ready to ſuffocate you, and yet (which is ſtrange) theſe things are agreeable to the Humours of the People. The Poorer Sort live on Haddock, Whiting, and ſower Milk, which is cryed up and down their Streets (*Whea buyes ſawer Milk*) and upon the ſtinking Fragments that are left at their Lairds Table. Prodigious Stomachs, that, like the *Gulon*, can feed on their own Excrements, and ſtrain their Meat through their Stomachs, to have the pleaſure of devouring it again!

Their Drink is Ale, made of Beer-Malt, and Tunned up in a ſmall Veſſel, called a Cogue; after it has ſtood a few Hours, they drink it out of the Cogue, Yeſt and all; the Better Sort brew it in larger Quantities, and drink it in wooden Queighs, but it is ſorry Stuff, yet excellent for preparing Birdlime; but Wine is the great Drink with the Gentry, which they pour in like Fiſhes, as if it were their natural Element; the Glaſſes they drink out of, are conſiderably large, and they always fill them to the Brim, and away with it; ſome of them have arrived at the Perfection to tope Brandy at the ſame rate: ſure theſe are a Bowl above

Bacchus

Bacchus, and of Right ought to have a nobler Throne than a Hogſhead.

Musick they have, but not the Harmony of the Sphears, but loud terrene Noiſes, like the bellowing of Beaſts; the loud Bagpipe is their chief Delight, ſtringed Inſtruments are too ſoft to penetrate the Organs of their Ears, that are only pleaſed with Sounds of Subſtance.

The *High-ways* in *Scotland* are tolerably good, which is the greateſt Comfort a Traveller meets with amongſt them; they have not Inns, but Change-Houſes (as they call them) poor ſmall Cottages, where you muſt be content to take what you find, perhaps Eggs with Chicks in them, and ſome Lang Cale; at the better Sort of them, a Diſh of chap'd Chickens, which they eſteem a dainty Diſh, and will take it unkindly, if you do not eat very heartily of it, though for the moſt part you may make a Meal with the Sight of the Fare, and be ſatisfied with the Steam only, like the Inhabitants of the World in the Moon; your Horſes muſt be ſent to a Stablers (for the Change-Houſes have no Lodging for them) where they may feed voluptuouſly on Straw only, for Graſs is not to had, be and Hay is ſo much a Stranger to

them, that they are ſcarce familiar with the Name of it.

THE *Scotch Gentry* commonly travel from one Friends Houſe to another, ſo ſeldom make uſe of a Change-House; their way is to hire a Horſe and a Man for two pence a Mile; they ride on the Horſe 30 or 40 Miles a Day, and the Man, who is his Guide, foots it beſide him, and carries his Luggage to boot. The Commonalty are ſo uſed to worſhip and adore their Lairds, that when they ſee a Stranger in any tolerable Equipage, they honour him with the Title of Laird at leaſt, *An't pleaſe you my Laird ſuch a one*, or *an't pleaſe you my Laird Dr.* at every bare Word forſooth.

THE *Nobility* ſhew themſelves very great before Strangers, who are conducted into the Houſe by a many Servants, where the Lord with his Troop of Shadows receives them with the grand Paw, then enter into ſome Diſcourſe of their *Countrey*, till you are preſented with a great Queigh of Syrup of Beer, after that a Glaſs of White-wine, then a Rummer of Claret, and ſometimes after that a Glaſs of Sherry Sack, and then begin the Round with Ale again, and ply you briskly; for it's their way of ſhewing you'r Welcome, by making you Drunk;

if

if you have longer time to ſtay, you ſtick cloſe to *Claret*, till *Bacchus* wins the Field, and leaves the Conquer'd *Victims* groveling on the place where they receive their overthrow; at your departure you muſt drink a *Dongha Dorus*, in *Engliſh* a *Stirrup Cup*, and have the ſatisfaction to have my Lords *Bagpipe* (with his *Loud Pipes*, and his Lordſhip's *Coat Armor* on a *Flag*) ſtrut about you, and enchant you with a *Hush to depart*.

THE Money is commonly *Dollars*, or *Mark-pieces*, Coined at *Edenbrough*, but the way of Reckoning is ſurprizing to a Stranger; to receive a Bill of a 100*l.* in one of their *Change-houſes*, when one would not ſuppoſe they had any of the value of a 100 pence; they call a Penny a Shilling, and every twenty Shillings, *viz.* twenty Pence, a Pound; ſo the Proportion of their Pound to ours is but twelve to one. Strangers are ſure to be groſly impoſed upon in all their *Change-houſes*, and there is no redreſs for it. If an *Engliſh* Man ſhou'd complain to their Magiſtrates, they wou'd all take a part againſt him, and make ſure to ſqueeze him.

THE conclusion of the Abridgment of the *South Chronicle*, is the rare and wonderful things of that Country; as in *Orkney*,

Orkney, their *Ews* bring forth two *Lambs* a piece; that in the *Northermost* of *Shetland* Islands, about the Summer Solstice, there is no Night; that in the Park of *Cumbernauld* are White *Kine* and *Oxen*; that at *Slanes* there is a *Petrifying Water* in a *Cove*; that at *Aberdeen* is a *Vitriolin Well*, that they say, is excellent to dissolve the *Stone*, and expel *Sand* from the *Reins* and *Bladder*, and good for the *Colick*, being drunk in *July*, &c.

THESE Prodigious Wonders in one Country are admirable, but these are not half of them. *Loughnes* never *Freezes*; in *Lough Lomond* are *Fishes* without *Fins*: And *secondly*, The *Waters* thereof *Rage* in great *Waves* without *Wind* in *Calm Weather*: And *thirdly* and *Lastly*, Therein is a *Floating Island*: in *Kyle* is a *Deaf Rock*, twelve Foot every way, yet a *Gun* discharged on one side of it, shall not be heard on the other. In another place is a *Rocking-stone* of a reasonable bigness, that if a Man push it with his *Finger*, it will move very lightly, but if he address his *whole Force* to stir it, it availeth nothing; with many more *Marvels* of like Nature, which I wou'd rather believe than go thither to disprove. To conclude, the whole Bulk and Selvedge of this Country is all *Wonder*, too great for me to Unriddle, there

therefore I ſhall leave it as I found it, with its agreeable Inhabitants, in

A Land where one may pray with carſt intent:
Oh! may they never ſuffer Baniſhment.

The Rebel Scot.

HOW! Providence! and yet a *Scotiſh* Crew?
Then Madam Nature wears black Patches too.
What ſhall our Nation be in Bondage thus
Unto a Land that Truckles under us?
Ring the Bells backwards; I am on Fire,
Not all the Buckets in a Country-Quire
Shall quench my Rage. A *Poet* ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a *Comet*'s Flaming Beard.
And where's the *Stoick* can his Wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Country Sick of *Pym*'s Diſeaſe;
By *Scotch Invaſion* to be made a Prey
To ſuch Pig-Widging *Myrmidons* as they;
But that there's Charm in Verſe, I would not quote
The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote;
Unleſs my Head were red, that I might brew
Invention there, that might be Poyſon too.
Were I a drowzy Judge, whoſe diſmal Note
Diſgorgeth Halters, as a *Jugler's* Throat

Doth

Doth Ribbands? Could I in Sir *Empericks* tone
Speak Pills in Phraſe, and Quack Deſtruction,
Or roar like *Marſhall*, that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſs a *Scot*, to play that Prize,
Not all thoſe Mouth-Grenadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be Curſt,
I muſt like *Hocus*, ſwallow Daggers firſt.
Come, keen *Iambicks*, with your *Badgers* Feet,
And *Badger*-like, Bite till your Teeth do meet:
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my Rage
With all the *Scorpions* that ſhould whip the Age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your Pen,
Scratch till the Blood comes, they'l not hurt you then.
Now as the *Martyrs* were enforc'd to take
The ſhapes of Beaſts, like Hypocrites at Stake,
I'll bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your Eyes;
A *Scot* within a Beaſt, is no Diſguiſe.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Poſſeſs no Venom ſince that *Scots* Plantation:
Nor can our feign'd Antiquity obtain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have ſhown
Within the Grate of his own Breaſt alone,
The *Leopard* and the *Panther*, and ingroſs'd
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt.
The honeſt *High-ſhoes* in their termly Fees,
Firſt to the *Salvage Lawyer*, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth *Scotchmen* Beaſts confeſs,
Making their Country ſuch a Wilderneſs;

A

A Land that brings in Queſtion and Suſpence
God's Omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montroſs* and *Crawford*'s Royal Band
Aton'd their Sin, and Chriſtned half their Land.
Nor is it all, the Nation hath theſe Spots,
There is a Church, as well as Kirk of *Scots*.
As in a Picture where the ſquinting Paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancohly Dream,
And in the Twy-light of his Fancy's Theme,
Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a Fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer Baniſhment! (Doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him Wander but confin'd him home;
Like *Jews* they ſpread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers and defie
This, or that Place, Rags of Geography,
They're Citizens o'th' World, they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they Ramble not to learn the Mode,
How to be Dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the *Spaniſh* Shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt in Belly, or in Beard,
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd;)
No, the *Scots* Errant fight, and fight to Eat,
Their *Oſtrich* Stomachs make their Swords their
(Meat.

Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to ſtring their Teeth upon their Belt.)

Yet wonder not at this their happy Choice,
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to Paradiſe.
Sure *England* hath the Hemorrhoids, and theſe
On the *North-Poſtern* of the Patient ſeize,
Like *Leeches*; thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our Blood, but in the Cure ſhall burſt.

Let them not think to make us run o'th' ſcore
To purchaſe Villenage, as once before,
When an Act paſt to ſtroak them on the Head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Not *Gold*, nor Acts of *Grace*, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*; a Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worſe,
Who ſaddled his own Back to ſhame his Horſe.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypt*'s Spoyl?
They are the Goſpel's Life-guard; but for them
(The Garriſon of New *Jeruſalem*) (Cauſe!
What would the Brethren do; The Cauſe: The
Sack-Poſſets, and the Fundamental Laws?

Lord!

Lord! what a Godly thing is want of Shirts!
How a *Scotch* Stomach and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their *Seamſtreſs* and their *Cook.*
Unmask them well, their Honours and Eſtate,
As well as Conſcience, are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their *Title* and their *Moneys* poiſe,
A *Laird* and *Twenty-pence* pronounc'd with Noiſe,
When conſtru'd but for a plain *Yeoman* go,
And a good Sober *Two-pence* and well ſo.
Hence then you Proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You *Picts* in Gentry and Devotion.
You Scandal to the Stock of *Verſe*, a Race
Able to bring the *Gibbet* in Diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by Suffering did Traduce
The *Oſtraciſm*, and ſham'd it out of Uſe.
The *Indian* that Heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard ſome *Spaniards* were there;
Had he but known the *Scots* in *Hell* had been,
He would *Eraſmus* like have hung between,
My *Muſe* hath done. A Voyder for the nonce,
I wrong the *Devil* ſhould I pick their Bones;
That Diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on *Bernacles.*
A *Scot* when from the *Gallows-tree* gets looſe,
Drops in to *Styx*, and turns a *Soland-Gooſe.*

But notwithſtanding the Barrenneſs of the Soil, it hath produc'd ſome Noble Plants; One Inſtance of which take in that of the Brave *MONTROSE*, who wrote this Elegy,

Upon the Death of CHARLES *the Firſt.*

GREAT! Good! and Juſt! Could I but rate
My Griefs, and thy too rigid Fate,
I'd *weep* the World to ſuch a Strain,
As it ſhould *Deluge* once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Sup-plies,
More from *Briareus* Hands, than *Argus* Eyes,
I'll ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet Sounds,
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds.*

Written with the Point of his Sword.

FINIS.